

MY FIRST HIGH HAT.

—

A Useful and Entertaining Story for Springs of Society.

It was during one week that my wife said to me: "You must have a high hat to wear with your dress suit."

"Looked angry," I had never worn a high hat. I felt never weary.

"But, my dear," I exclaimed, "I'd look like a blooming Jay in a plug hat. My head isn't the right style for it."

"You can get it shaped," said my wife.

"Well, that'll never do," I said grimly. "I won't turn this shape for a good many years and so."

"Stupid!" said my wife. "I meant the hat."

Of course I knew she did. I was playing for time.

"I'll get it made," I said, but I never

I started at her with drooping jaw.
"No, you know well enough," said she, "but I must have ironed, it is the only way. And with this face!"
"You can have it ironed," said my wife.
I stared at her with drooping jaw.
"No, you know well enough," said she, "but I must have ironed, it is the only way. And with this face!"
"Well," I persisted, "up in Chicago the men wear golf caps with their crease stiff, and tennis shoes and tennis socks."
"How do you know?" sharply inquired my wife. She lived in Chicago before we tre.
"I saw it in the fanny columns of *The Sunday Yeaap*," I said.
"No! Nevertheless," said she, "you'll have to wait a light hat to the opera."
"You can have it ironed," I wore it.
It was not a pleasant experience. On the way to the opera house I couldn't help a continual stooping. That hat

skipped high enough to brush the gold at top of the eternal stairs. When the conductor came along, he knickered to a song that made me look like a retired cadet. When I got out of the car I stamped the hat off against the door casing. When I walked down the aisle, I carried the hat in a way that made my eye nudge me and savagely ask if I was not looking at the man in white. I put it under my seat, a pretty girl in the seat at behind me insisted upon playing a motto on the crown with her patent rubber toes.

"The opera was the 'Marriage of Figaro,' and my wife, who had never seen the opera, presently went rapt. 'That air sounds strangely familiar.' 'Yes, it does,' I agreed. 'What is it?' she asked. 'I think it is called 'Where Did You Get That Hat?'' I replied.

After the curtain fell, I got the hat on and took it to the front.

While I received a pink билет-down, I expressed inclination toward conversation.

And without hesitation she wired, "I'm waiting for you,"

Chicago News.

"Do you believe that man and wife are one?" asked. "The man is unrepentant?"

"Yes," Duck.

BANK CASHIER—"This check, madam, isn't filled in?"

"I don't want."

"Has your husband's name signed to it, but it does not state how much money you want."

"Oh, is that all? Well, I'll take all there is."

"GENTLEMEN of the jury," asked the clerk of the Court, "have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have," replied the foreman.

and fancied my head underdressed and suffocatedly swelled. But wife detected the blunder, and I reversed the chimney pot in such a hurry that my elbow knocked off my wife's eyeselashes. In heart, you see, to bowing to a lady friend, I fancied, looking highly amused seeing me I brought down the hat so fast that it banged into the flower garden on the hat of the lady in front of me.

"When I got home, my wife said, 'You'll have to practice a little with it at her before you are really come in it.'"

"Commy it nonsense!" I cried. "I'm going to take it back to-morrow."

And I did.

"I never saw a dearler thing's I borrowed just to wear to the opera. But I don't ree what he thinks."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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LADY at the door—"I believe in my heart, you are the same Trump I gave a large box of Christmas puddings to for a few days ago."

Trump—"No, ma'am; you're mistaken. He's dead."

—

PRISON VISITOR—"What do you attribute your downfall, my poor man?"

CONVICT—"Accommodation." Prison Visitor—"Ah, procrastination is the thief of time." Convict—"Exactly. I stole a watch."—*Philadelphia Record.*

—

"Brother, if I had such a cough as that I should do something for it."

"That cough, Whiggins, is indomitable. When a life insurance agent calls to see me, I turn it on, and he never stays longer than about three minutes."

ONE DOUBTING FATHER.

One warm midsummer day Steve and himself seated under the old apple tree with the half bull and a red breasted watermelon in his lap. Mr. B., busy with the other half, smoked now and then and ask Steve about a new job, how many cigars he smoked a day, what they cost and what he did for his money. Presently he began to know what they called his boy on the road—conductor, brakeman what?

"They call me the general freight agent, father," said Steve.

"That's mighty big name, Steve," said father, "it's rather a big job, too me."

"But ye don't do it all, Steve. Ye ast have hands to help you load and load?"

"Oh, yes, I have a lot of help!"

"And the company pays them all?"

—*Chicago Tribune.*

WATERMEN—"Doesn't the New England climate agree with you?" Eastern—"No, it doesn't even agree with the weather prediction."—*Somerville (Mass.) Journal.*

BY INFERENCE—Willie (at his lesson)—"Say, Pa, what's a fortification?" Pa—"A fortification, my son, is a large fort." Willie—"Then is a raifortification a large rat?"—*Chicago News.*

TOMMY—"Pop, what is a necessary evil?"

Tommy's Pop—"A necessary evil, my boy, is—um—um one we like so much that we don't care about abolishing it."—*Paila Record.*

HE—"So you've bought another hat already, have you? What did you pay for it?"

How much do they pay you, Steve—
a day?"

Steve almost strangled on a piece of
ice, and the old gentleman saw that he
guessed too low.

"More than 70?" he ventured.

"More than that, father."

"Ye don't mean to say they pay you
as much as I—v-e?"

"Ye, father; more than 25."

"The old man let the empty ball fall
between his knees, stared at the boy and
said:

"Say, Steve," he asked earnestly, "are
you worth it?"—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

You are really anxious to go to South
Carolina to nurse the sick and wounded,
and a dear young lady, near you, has
expressed in nursing the sick and an-
dered." "Parley Four of my friends
and father took up cycling at 70."—*Low-*

She—"Nothing."

He—Well, that's cheap! How did
you manage it?"

She—"I told the Millionaire to send
the bill to you!"—*Heber's Will.*

"GUILTY or not guilty?" asked the
court.

"Well, judge," responded the prison-
er, "It's all the same to you, I would
like to wait until all the testimony is in
before I render an opinion."

"You mustn't play with Mr. Borum's
cat, Bobby," said a young lady who was
entertaining a caller to her small brother.

"Why mustn't I?" asked the young-
ster.

"Because you might break it," replied
the girl, and, besides, he will want it
shortly."—*Chicago News.*

MISSOURI has passed a law which
requires every barber who does business
in the State to pay \$1 to a Board of Ex-

Punch.

"There was a young man in the choir,
Whose voice rose hoar and hoar,
'Till so high it did soar,
No one could hear it no more,
'Twas found next day on the spoor."
—Chicago News.

"What is the term applied to
who signs another person's name
to check?" He — "Five or ten years
ago." — *Chicago News.*

"HIS VIST.—Johnny—"Aun
ny doesn't know much about little
a, does she, mamma?" Materna-
lly said to you mean?" Johnny
by, she thought two pieces of pie
make me sick?" — *Credit Lio.*

The Latest X-Ray invention
is the Podoscope, which for the
purpose of examining the interior of
the stomach. It is claimed, that with this
instrument, the treatment of stomach
trouble will be revolutionized, as it
locates the causes of disease. With due
respect to science, however, would state
that the causes of stomach trouble have
been known for the past fifty years, and
it is quite evident that Dr. J. C. Ayer's
Stomach Bitters, a medicine that has
indicators but no equals. It cures dyspepsia,
indigestion, constipation, nervousness,
migraine, nervousness, insomnia. It also
prevents malaria, fever and ague, and
regulates the bowels without causing
any feeling right, take a dose. It is the stand-
ard medicine of the American people.
For sale by the United States Revenue Stamp cer-
tick of bottle.

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